

This is that bread which
cometh down from heaven.
—John 6, 50.

SOUL FOOD.

Lord evermore give us this
bread.—John 6, 34.

"Man Shall Not Live by Bread Alone but by Every Word that Proceedeth out of the Mouth of God."

VOL. 3.

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NO. 9.

"THE FULNESS OF THE BLESSING OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST."

How many great words there are in that passage of scripture. First of all and above all the name of Christ, the Anointed. The Son of God, the Son of Man, Jesus, our Savior from sin. Then look at the word "Gospel;" it is not a long word but it is a great word; it is one of the most blessed words in our language. Take out of our language that word and the great series of facts that it represents and you would take out of human life all light and hope and peace and joy and the world would become a dungeon, a vestibule of eternal night. When a black cloud gathers over the earth and little flashes of lightning shoot about from side to side and the cloud hurries on and grows blacker and more ominous you know that by and by there will be a tremendous shock; a bolt of fire will be hurled from the cloud to the earth; it may split a great oak to splinters or it may demolish a church or a dwelling and destroy human life. The angry cloud gathers up all its force for one terrible blow and the mute earth waits in sullen expectation to receive and bear the blows as best it can. What an awful moment just before the lightning strikes. All is silence; the heart almost refuses to beat; the souls of men tremble with fear. The moral heavens were once black and ominous; man had sinned and God was angry; man deserved severe and lasting punishment and, smitten by his own conscience he stood in momentary expectation of some catastrophe. "Surely" he said, "the avenging bolt will fall by and by and when it does fall it will mean destruction. If it tarries it is only that it may gather force and fall with more terrific and all-consuming power." But instead of a thunderbolt of wrath

came a gospel of blessing. Well may the poet sing:

"The cloud you so much dread
Is big with mercies and shall break

"In blessings on your head."

Instead of a black cloud of wrath, came a cloud of angels, instead of the song of the tempter came the song of a celestial choir, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men." This gospel is a gospel of "glory to God in the highest." Our God dwells in glory the habitation of his throne is the center and source of all glory as the sun is the center and source of light. The poet has beautifully said:

"Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,

"He, glory, like a garment wears;

"To form a robe of light divine
Ten thousand suns around him shine."

He is the King of Glory," but his glory never reached its present perfection and excellence till that happy Christmas morning when the angels came down to earth to announce and unfold the everlasting gospel. It is a gospel from God to men; not a message of hate but of good will, not a declaration of war but of peace. I know of no blessing needed by this world more than the blessing of peace. Nations need to learn the great lesson of arbitration so that wars may cease and swords may be beaten into ploughshares; states and communities and peoples of different trades and vocations, the rich and the poor, the laborer and the capitalist need to learn how to harmonize their differences so as to live in loving peace together and the individual man needs peace. He knows by sad and bitter experience that he is in a state of conflict. He is fighting against God and he is out of harmony with himself.

The Bible condemns him as a rebel fighting against his King and his own heart condemns him as a rational being with faculties almost angelic doing the most foolish and unrational and brutish things, imaginable. But here is a gospel of peace. "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Peace, deep, abiding peace, "the peace of God that passeth all understanding; how like a deep, broad, majestic river is its sweep through ones mortal life. We have peace with God as a result of his gracious pardon of sin and we have peace with ourselves through that regeneration of the soul which changes our emotional and volitional faculties and brings harmony to our souls.

TO BE CONTINUED.

APPROVAL OF THE HEAVENLY ONES.

We are very anxious for the approval and commendation of our friends and neighbors and especially of our loved ones, but are we at all careful to win the approbation of the heavenly ones? We believe that we are always compassed about by a cloud of witnesses; the angels are interested in the lives and achievements of human beings. They are ministering spirits to us who shall be heirs of salvation. Among them no doubt are the glorified spirits of our loved ones who have crossed over to heaven before us; they behold us by night and by day; they hear our words, they witness our deeds and, it may be, they even read our thoughts; Do we care for their approval? Would it not be blessed to think that these pure spirits who love us so much are pleased with us? For my part I am ready to fore-go the approval of many of my weak, erring fellowmen that I may have the approbation of the Heavenly Ones and especially that I may hear the nightly commendation of my Lord, "well done, good and faithful servant."

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THE CRIMSON RAMBLER.

A FABLE.

In the same garden and not very remote from each other grew a rose and an unsightly weed. The gardener in his daily rounds seemed to have overlooked the weed but he always visited the rose and never failed either to loosen the soil about its roots or to clip off its exuberant boughs or in some way try to make it more vigorous and beautiful. The rose became quite dissatisfied with the gardeners frequent interferences in its affairs and wondered much that she could not be left at liberty and unmolested the same as the neighboring weed. One day the gardener observed that the bushy top of the rose was becoming too heavy for its stalk and so he drove a strong stick by its side for a support and bound the stock and some of the branches to the stick. At this the rose became very indignant and she addressed the gardener thus: "Sir, you are continually meddling with me and do not allow me any liberty whatever—you are either disturbing my roots with your ugly hoe or cropping my branches with those cruel shears or in some other way contriving to make me miserable and now you have offered this last indignity of binding me up like a slave to a stake. Why are you so partial? Why can you not let me have my liberty to grow and spread out my branches at will the same as that plant yonder? You affect to despise it and call it a weed but I really believe you think more of it than

you do of me." The gardener was greatly surprised and cut to the heart at this unexpected and ungrateful speech; for a while he could make no reply but at last recovered himself sufficiently to answer. "I have bestowed labor and care upon you because I love you and have neglected the weed because I despise it." "O, that I had been despised" said the rose "for though I have been so much cut and cramped and disturbed I do not seem to be in any sense better than the neglected weed."

Shortly after this conversation occurred, the spring rains and the warm May sun caused the rose bush to throw out a multitude of pretty little green buds which grew and developed till at last they burst out into beautiful crimson blooms. Then the rose bush was the pride and beauty of the whole garden. One day the gardener brought in a number of his friends to admire it. As they stood in a circle about the bush gazing upon its beautiful flowers, one was heard to say, "this could never have been if the gardener had not faithfully stirred up the soil about the roots of this bush" and another replied, "no nor could it have been if he had not clipped off and kept back the exuberant branches." "No, said the third, "and if he had not planted that stick there and bound the bush securely these beautiful flowers would have been trailing in the mud." "I very much admire your rose bush" said the fourth "but I am quite surprised that a gardener who could produce such a beautiful and well cultivated rose should allow that unsightly weed to grow undisturbed yonder." "O," said the gardener, "thank you for calling my attention to the weed I had at first overlooked it and although my attention was called to it once before and I had intended to destroy it, it had entirely escaped my memory." Thereupon he cut the weed down and tossed it over the hedge into the highway. The rose heard attentively all that was said and saw what had transpired and she felt in her heart a deep sense of shame that she had been so ungrateful and complaining and those who stood admiring her saw, all of a sudden, her shining petals turned to a deeper crimson than ever before and so they named her the "Crimson Rambler."

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CHILD PIETY.

A short time ago I met at a hotel a commercial traveler who told me the following story. "We have no children of our own," he said, "and as my wife and I are both very fond of children we adopted a pretty, little, bright eyed girl. She came from a very poor family with no standing in the community but the little girl was herself very obedient and kind. She took a great interest in Sabbath School and church and soon expressed a desire to become a Christian and unite with the church. I did not believe in child-piety myself but thought that persons should wait till they were at least 15 or 16 years of age before they began the religious life. But our little girl would say almost every Sabbath morning, "Am I old enough to join church today papa?" and I would say no, not yet, wait a little longer. Now my wife and I were both active Christians and members of the church at that very time and I was a member of the official board but I was afraid that the child had not enough judgment and discretion to make a consistent church member. At last when she was ten years old there was a revival among the children and she with the others joined the church. When I heard of it I was a little worried but I decided to say nothing but to watch the child and to help her all I could. Well, I want to tell you that my theory about children waiting till they become 15 or 16 years old before becoming Christians was completely upset; that child was more religious and a more faithful church member than I was myself. She used to take notes of the sermon every Sunday and after she was dead we found a little memorandum book in which she had taken down the text every Sunday for nearly two years and if the sermon helped her she would write under the text, "Food for my soul." Then at the foot of the page would be her prayer and resolution to be a better Christian next week than she had been the past. When 13 years of age she died of diphtheria. Before she died she arranged for the dis-

position of all her little treasure and said to her foster-father and foster-mother, "you must not cry papa, and mamma for don't you see, Jesus has come for me and I shall be happy in my new home and shall wait for you to come." My wife says that she never gave her but one saucy answer. As soon as she had spoken it she repented and broke down and wept bitterly and asked my wife to forgive her; my wife thought it better to make a deep and lasting impression on the child's mind and so she said, "no Blanche I can't forgive you now. It was a very naughty thing for you to speak that way to your mama and I can't forgive you just now; I will forgive you some time but you must wait a little." It was just seven months before she died; my wife had forgotten all about it but one day Blanche called her to her bedside and said, "Mama will you forgive me now?" Forgive you darling, forgive you for what? "Why mama, don't you remember that Blanche was naughty once and made you a saucy answer? You know you said you would forgive me but not then, I must "wait a little;" "Mama, I can't wait much longer for Jesus is coming; won't you forgive me?" Of course she was forgiven amid many tears and many sweet words and in a little while died with a smile of holy joy on her face." Ah, friends we must save the children; they are to make the strong, earnest, useful Christians.

THE KING OF GLORY.

BY PRESIDENT READE.

Who is the King of Glory? He Who, clad in splendor, robed in might,
Has reigned from all eternity
Mid flaming suns and stars of light.
Yet he it was; O, wondrous thought,
Moved with compassion, full of grace,
Whose death a world's redemption bought
And saved a guilty, ruined race.
Who is the King of Glory? He
Who vanquished death and robbed the grave,

And captive led captivity;
Strong to deliver and to save.

'Tis He who now ascended high
Bestows rich gifts on men below;
Unlocks the treasures of the sky
And bids his streams of mercy flow,

Lift up your heads, ye portals bright;
Ye golden gates of paradise;
And give the glorious King of Light
Glad welcome to his natal skies.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

There are those who say that they are not so much concerned about heaven; they do not care to think about it or talk about it; their only concern, they say, is to do well the duties of the passing day. For my part I find that the hope of heaven is an anchor to my soul amid life's tempests; thinking of heaven makes the cares of life lighter and strengtheneth me to bear its trials and temptations.

"A home in heaven, what a blessed thought
As the poor man toils in his weary lot;
His heart oppressed and by sorrow driven
From his home below to his home in heaven.

Those who have done most to make this world brighter and better were those who believed strongly in heaven and were laying up their treasures there.

ARISE, SHINE.

Why should you not? The moon and the various planets shine when the sun shines on them. They never shine by their own light and surely the Sun of Righteousness is shining on us in all his glory and splendor. Arise then and shine in his light.

MY KEEPER.

Only today I had a narrow escape from death. When the danger was past and I saw what a marvelous escape I had had my heart went out in gratitude to God and I said, O, God thou art my Keeper and no evil shall befall me.

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